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dec 27, w. 11

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE PASSING OF THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

Several times I have lamented the passing of photograph albums. They were, to my mind, one of the best of the old institutions. They kept photographs of the lives where I have always kept them in a handy get-where they did belong. If I was interested in a picture it produced pronto, and if any-thing I most emphatically do picture faces and hear the voices that go with them, a pleasant memory spent with the family album and the romance of a story who married four times

and was courting again at the age of 90 but was balked by his intended's great granddaughter, and of Grandmother Dorr who was told by Patti that if she had had her voice trained she would have been one of the world's most wonderful singers.

Will Our Lives Be Just Stories?

But I have wandered far in my enthusiasm for the photographers of yesteryear. (Does it seem possible that the smart and artistic photographs of to-day will sometime seem as quaint to another generation and our lives become just stories?) What I started to say was that there is another allied institution which has also passed and which I regret as much as the family photograph album.

I refer to the passing of the patchwork quilt.

If the grandmothers of to-day

would make patchwork quilt instead of some of the passing fancies in fancy work that they do make, I think the younger generation would some day call them blessed.

An Hedroom, a Covering and a Memorabilia Book.

A patchwork quilt is an hedroom. If it is made, as of course it should be made, of pieces of the gowns that have figured in the lives of one's mother and grandmother and cousins and aunts and perhaps of one's own early youth, it becomes more than a quilt. It becomes a sort of utilizable memorabilia book.

My grandmother made such a quilt for my sister but I, alas, was one of those unlicky children who came too late to have a grandmother. However, sometimes when we were ill I was allowed to have sister's quilt brought down from the chest where it was waiting for her to grow up, and laid across the bed where I could admire it and ask my mother questions about this or that triangle (it was made in the triangle pattern). It was a silk quilt and as silk dresses were events in those days every triangle had some history. It was either a wedding dress

or a best dress (probably serving in this capacity for several years before it became second best) of some member of the family. Besides, grandmother had embroidered on many of the squares such designs as a pink anchor, a green flower, a yellow twig supporting a purple bird that even Audubon could never have identified, and so on. Of course it wasn't art but I thought it surprisingly beautiful and fashionable as well.

If a woman is both beautiful and fascinating she is supposed to have a great advantage over the woman who is merely beautiful. Is not that analogy an argument for the return of the patchwork quilt?

smallest clothes, which, having been procured from passing ships perhaps years ago, were curious and wonderful. Soldiers' and sailors' uniforms dress suits, corduroys and early Victorian ladies' garments gave an impression that a fancy dress ball was at hand. The people are fond of bright colors, and a rosette of colored ribbon or bouquet was the rule. The men love tobacco, but they are non-smokers for the simple reason that cigarettes and tobacco are not to be had.

Britain's Loneliest Islands.

A SICK CHILD IN THE EMPIRE.

LONDON, Feb.—(Can. Press.)—Life on Britain's loneliest island, Tristan da Cunha, is at all times very difficult, for this colony is like a sick child in the Empire. It has neither trade nor manufactures, and if it were able to produce anything in quantities the goods would have to be stored indefinitely, for ships, about as scarce there as the eggs of the Great Auk. So writes Rev. Henry Martyn Rogers to the London Times. He and his wife sailed from Cape Town for this lonely island last April, and since their arrival, Mr. Rogers has been chaplain to the islanders. This pair of devoted British missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, have given up tender ties and associations, not to mention the comforts and all the things in civilized life that go to make up the sum of human happiness, in order to serve the small handful of people of polyglot mixture who inhabit the island—119 by actual count. Tristan da Cunha is in the South Atlantic Ocean, 1,500 miles west of the South African coast. At one time the Admiralty sent a gunboat to the island once a year with a gift of stores, a mail, a doctor and a padre, but it grew tired of the expense, and the people were told to come off Tristan or stay on and try to keep from starving. Being attached to what is to them the mother Isle they chose to stay. Indeed they are not fitted to compete in a strenuous world, for they are a simple, uneducated, kindly race, like big children in temperament according to Mr. Rogers.

IN TOUCH BY WIRELESS.

About the time that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were sailing from Cape Town to Tristan da Cunha the news despatches stated that the intense loneliness of the island appealed to the Cape Town people, who presented a wireless set to Mr. Rogers having a range of from 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Besides, the South African government provided him with a meteorological equipment for the purpose of ascertaining the value of Tristan da Cunha as a wireless station from which to obtain reliable forecasts of the weather. So Mr. Rogers may be of scientific as well as of spiritual value. "This winter," says Mr. Rogers in his letter, "though it has been only a moderately severe one, has been a struggle; many cattle have perished, also some of the lambs; and fodder for stock has been short. The potatoes are not very plentiful, for the population keeps on increasing. Some new stoves and thatch houses have been built in the Settlement. Pleasant, but there is no wood, no glass for windows, no nails or screws and no paint. It is housebuilding under difficulties, but the people are cheerful in the face of all their worries and throw themselves into any enjoyment that chance brings. An opportunity for a gala day came in October, for there was a unique christening—the first and only English baby ever born on the island of Tristan was baptised in the tiny island church room. (The baby was born to the missionary and his wife). At daybreak all the Union Jacks on the island, some five in number, were hoisted on various flagpoles and on the roof of the tinest paragon in the world. (The missionary resides in a small two-roomed wooden hut). The day was fine and the people had put on their

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Pain Stops Instantly

Given Arsenic for Saltpetre.

LONDON.—(Canadian Press.)—A package of arsenic, sufficient to kill more than a thousand persons, was recently served over the counter of a chemist in Chertsey, Surrey, to a young man who called for saltpetre. The mistake was quickly discovered and then began a hue and cry for the lost arsenic before it could do its deadly work. The alarm was raised throughout the countryside. The packet was recovered after two hours' anxious search, otherwise the outcome of the mistake might have proved disastrous. The mistake occurred in this manner. An order had been placed with the chemist for arsenic for the purpose of killing crows also an order for a quantity of saltpetre for pickling pork, and, in error, the package of arsenic was handed to a young man, unknown to the chemist, who called for saltpetre. When the mistake was discovered the chemist warned the police of what had happened, and messages were sent to farmers, butchers and others likely to be killing pigs. Later the packet of arsenic was found, unopened, at France Farm, Lynne, on the estate of General Edward Hutton, a retired British officer. His bailiff had ordered the saltpetre.

Thin, cocoa-colored, beige, dark brown or gray stockings are worn with patent leather pumps.

The three-piece costume may consist of either a jacket or a long coat with a skirt or a dress.

A Stubborn Cough
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Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its present healing effect upon the membranes.

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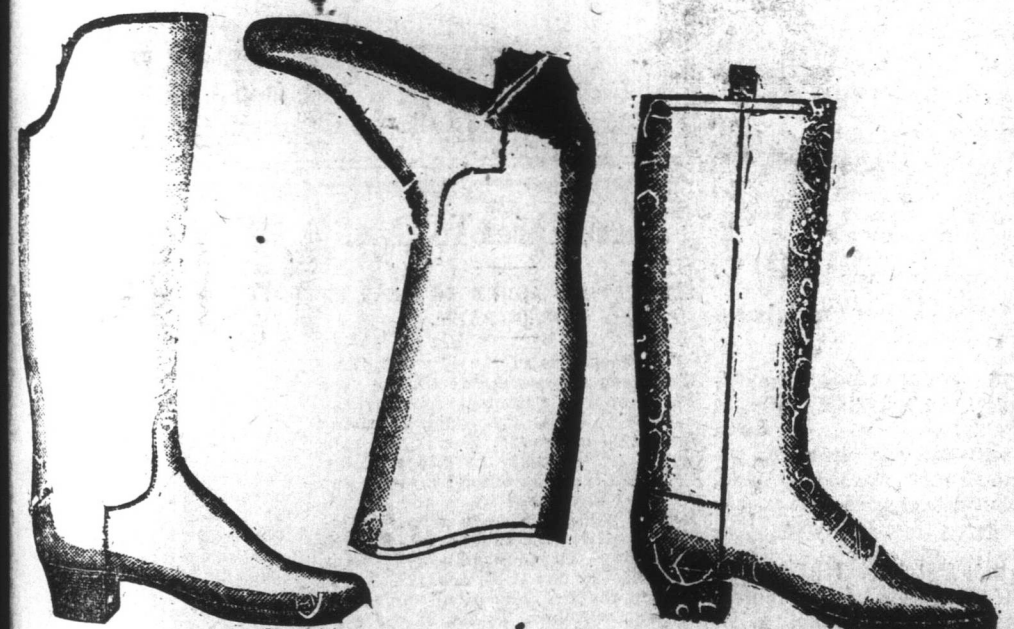
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